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[WHOLE No. 110.]

ON THE VICE OF SWEARING.

IT was a saying of a great man, that 'common swearers give their souls to the devil gratis,' having no pleasure in return for it; and doubtless it was well observed; for no man in his senses can pretend to say there is any enjoyment in the practice of that particular vice: let us then search a little into the motives that prompt men so often to fall into it. It must, I think, proceed either from a barrenness of invention, keeping continually bad company, being overpowered by liquor, from a false modesty, which is afraid to be particular, or, finally, from a monstrous desire of being thought wicked, merely for the sake of wickedness, without either pleasure or profit. Barrenness of invention is, I believe, the principal motive to swearing; men are frequently at a loss for something to say in company; a sudden thought arises; that it may be of use to them as long as possible, they eke it out with oaths and blasphemies, never giving themselves time to reflect whether it is a vice or not; they find that fools pay a more particular regard to their conversation, and as none are so stupid but they know how to flatter, the brightness of their intellects is too often complimented, and they continue to practice that which they think gains them universal attention and admiration, and by that means become incorrigible. Bad company will often, by the force of example, cause a man to swear; if he has sense, reflection instantly seizes him, and he corrects himself in time; but if otherwise ten to one but he approves of it, and consequently practises it. Drunkenness, also, which is the source of almost every vice, is often the cause of this in question; let a man's parts be ever so bright, if he suffers liquor to take possession of the seat of his understanding, reason no longer presides; his passions which before lay dormant, rise up with redoubled vigour, and hurry him away impetuously into the abyss of vice, and swearing in that case is generally the forerunner of all the rest, being, as it were a signal to let us know that we are no longer our own masters. Happy is the man that will take the hint, and resign himself into the arms of health-restoring sleep. I have often known young men, upon their first introduction into life, through a false modesty, dive into all the vices of their companions; they could not stand the ridicule of the thorough-paced debau-

chees; to be any ways particular was to them impossible; they had not as yet enough considered the beauty of virtue, that self consciousness of having done well, which enables us to despise the vices and follies of the giddy multitude, instead of imitating them. Many a man has been lost for want of that virtuous confidence.—As for the last set of swearers, I mean those who practice it merely because it is a sin, there is no way for reclaiming them; they seem to be the devil's agents on earth, prowling about, and seeking whom they may devour. There is one more motive to it: which I am sorry to have room to mention, which is, the desire young men of spirit have to be in the fashion. It has been of late too much the custom for men of quality and fashion to swear by way of giving a grace to the conversation; others have heedlessly followed their pernicious example, which has been no small reason of its spreading so much. Would the fair sex but for once undertake to be the reformers as well as the polishers of mankind, and never give encouragement to any man, let him be otherwise ever so well qualified, who should demean himself so much as to swear; would but our men of quality look upon it as much an affront for a person to swear in their company as to give them the lie, then would the vice be extirpated; there needs no other means to induce men to be virtuous, than to make virtue the fashion.

Tho' vice may short liv'd pleasure give to sense,
'Tis virtue only can true joys dispense.

CONTENT.

DURING the whole progress of the human course and events, the principal materials of our comforts, or uneasiness, lie within ourselves. Every age will prove burdensome to those who have no fund of happiness in their own breasts. Could they be preserved from all infirmities of frame; could they have bestowed upon them, if it were possible, perpetual youth; still they would be restless and miserable, through the influence of ill governed passions.—It is not surprizing that such people are peevish; and querulous when old. Unjustly they impute to their time of life that misery, with which their vices and follies embitter every age.

Whereas, to good men, no period of life is insupportable, because they draw their chief happiness from sources which are independent of age or time; viz. Wisdom, Piety, and Virtue.

LETTERS

PERUVIAN PRINCESS:

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY.

(Continued from page 35.)

LETTER V.

To Aza: she describes the behaviour of the French captain and his crew.

WHAT have I suffered, my dear Aza, since I consecrated to thee my last knots! The loss of my Quipos was yet wanting to complete my pains: but when my officious persecutors perceived that work to augment my disorder, they deprived me of the use of them.

At last they have restored to me the treasure of my tenderness; but with many tears did I purchase it. Only this expression of my sentiments had I remaining, the mere sorrowful consolation of painting my grief to thee: and could I lose it, and not despair? My strange destiny has snatched from me even the relief which the unhappy find in speaking of their pains. One is apt to think there is pity when one is heard, and from the participation of sorrow arises some comfort: I cannot make myself understood, and am surrounded with gaiety. I cannot even enjoy that new kind of entertainment to which the inability of communicating my thoughts reduces me. Environed with importunate persons, whose attentive looks disturb the composed solicitude of my soul, I forget the fairest present which nature has made us, the power to render our ideas impenetrable without the concurrence of our will. I am sometimes afraid that these curious savages discover the disadvantageous reflections with which I am inspired by the oddness of their conduct.

One moment destroys the opinion which another had given me of their character: for if I am swayed by the frequent opposition of their wills to mine, I cannot doubt but they believe me their slave, and that their power is tyrannical. Not to reckon up an infinite number of other contradictions, they refuse me, my dear Aza, even the necessary aliments for the sustenance of life, and the liberty of choosing what place I would lie in: they keep me, by a kind of violence, in the bed, which is become insupportable to me. On the other side, if I reflect on the extreme concern they have shewn for the preservation of my days, and the respect with which the services they render me are accompanied, I am tempted to believe that they take me for a species superior to human kind. Not one of them appears before me without bending his body, more or less, as we used to do in worshipping the Sun. The Cacique seems to attempt to imitate the ceremonial of the Incas on the days of Raymi*: he kneels down very high my bed-side, and continues a considerable time in that painful posture: sometimes he keeps silent, and, with his eyes cast down, seems to think profoundly: I see in his countenance that respectful confu-

* The Raymi was the principle feast of the Sun, when the Incas and priest adored him on their knees.

sion which the great name* inspires us with when spoken aloud. If he finds an opportunity of taking hold of my hand, he puts his mouth to it with the same veneration that we have for the sacred diadem†. Sometimes he utters a great number of words, which are not at all like the ordinary language of his nation: the sound of them is more soft, more distinct, and more harmonious. He joins to this that air of concern which is the forerunner of tears, those sighs which express the necessities of the soul, the most plaintive action, and all that usually accompanies the desire of obtaining favours! Alas! my dear Aza, if he knew me well, if he was not in some error with regard to my being, what prayer could he have to address to me?

Must they not be an idolatrous nation? I have not yet seen any adoration paid by them to the Sun: perhaps they make woman the object of their worship. Before the great Manco-capac‡ brought down to earth the will of the Sun, our ancestors deified whatever struck them with dread or pleasure; perhaps these savages feel these two sentiments with regard to woman. But if they adore me, would they add to my misfortunes the hedious constraint in which they keep me? No, they would endeavour to please me; they would obey the tokens of my will; I should be free, and released from this odious habitation: I should go in search of the master of my soul, one of whose looks would efface the memory of all these misfortunes.

LETTER VI.

To Aza: she discovers where she is; her despair on the occasion.

WHAT an horriable surprize, my dear Aza! how are our woes augmented! how deplorable is our condition! our evils are without remedy; I have only to tell thee of them, and to die. At last they have permitted me to get up, and with haste I availed myself, of the liberty. I drew myself to a small window, which I opened with all the precipitation that my curiosity inspired.—What did I see? Dear love of my life, I shall not find expressions to paint the excess of my astonishment, and the incurable despair that seized me, when I discovered round me nothing but that terrible element, the very sight of which makes me tremble. My first glance did but too well inform me what occasioned the troublesome motion of our dwelling. I am in one of those floating houses which the Spaniards made use of to arrive at our unhappy countries, and of which a very imperfect description had been given me. Conceive my dear Aza, what dismal ideas entered my soul with this fatal knowledge. I am certain that they are carrying me from thee: I breathe no more the same air, nor do I inhabit the same element. Thou wilt ever be ignorant where I am, whether I love thee, whether I exist; even the dis-

* The great name was Pachacamas, which they spoke but seldom, and always with great signs of adoration.

† They kissed the diadem of Manco-capac in the same manner as the Roman Catholics kiss the relics of their saints.

‡ The first Legislator of the Indians. See the history of the Incas.

solution of my being will not appear an event considerable enough to be conveyed to thee. Dear arbiter of my days, of what value will my life be to thee hereafter? Permit me to render to the divinity an insupportable benefit, which I can no more enjoy: I shall not see thee again, and I will live no longer. In losing what I love, the universe is annihilated to me: it is now nothing but a vast desert, which I fill with the cries of my love. Hear them, dear object of my tenderness; be touched with them, and suffer me to die!

What error seduces me? my dear Aza, it is not thou that makest me live: it is timid Nature, which shuddering with horror, lends this voice, more powerful than its own, to retard an end which to her is always formidable:—but it is over;—the most ready means shall deliver me from her regrets.—Let the sea forever swallow up in its waves my unhappy tenderness, my life, and my despair.—Receive, most unfortunate Aza, receive the last sentiments of my heart, which never admitted but thy image, was willing to live but for thee, and dies full of thy love. I love thee, I think it, I feel it still, and I tell it thee for the last time.—

LETTER VII.

To Aza: *she repents of her desperate purpose.*

AZA, thou hast not lost all: I breathe, and thou reignest still in one heart. The vigilance of those who watch me defeated my fatal design, and I have only the shame left of having attempted its execution. It would be too long to inform thee of an enterprize that failed as soon as it was projected. Should I have dared ever to lift up my eyes to thee if thou had been a witness of my passion? My reason, subjected to despair, was no longer a succour to me: my life seemed to me worth nothing: I had forgot thy love.

How cruel is cool temper after fury! how different are the points of light on the same object! In the horror of despair ferocity is taken for courage, and the fear of suffering for firmness of mind. Let a look, a surprise call us back to ourselves, and we find that weakness only was the principle of our heroism; that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt the recompense. The knowledge of my fault is the most severe punishment of it.—Abandoned to the bitterness of repentance, buried under the veil of shame, I hold myself at a distance, and fear that my body occupies too much space: I would hide it from the light: my tears flow in abundance; my grief is calm, not a sigh expires, though I am quite given up to it. Can I do much to expiate my crime? it was against thee. In vain, for two days together, these beneficent savages have endeavoured to make me a partaker of the joy that transports them. I am in continual doubt what can be the cause of this joy; but, even if I knew it better, I should not think myself worthy to share in their festivals. Their dances, their jovial exclamations, a red liquor like Mays,* of which they drink abundantly, their eagerness to view the sun whenever they can perceive him,

* Mays is a plant whereof the Indians make a very strong and salutary drink, which they offer to the Sun on festival days, and get drunk with after the sacrifice is over. See *History of the Incas*.

would fully convince me that their rejoicings were in honor of that divine luminary, if the conduct of the Cacique was conformable to that of the rest.

But, far from taking part in the public joy, since the fault I committed, he interests himself only in my sorrow. His zeal is more respectful, his cares are more assiduous, and his attention is more exact and curious. He understood that the continual presence of the savages of his train about me, was an addition to my affliction; he has delivered me from their troublesome officiousness, and I have now scarcely any but his to support.

Wouldst thou believe it, my dear Aza, there are some moments in which I feel a kind of sweetness in these mute dialogues; the fire of his eyes recalls to my mind the image of that which I have seen in thine: the similitude is such that it seduces my heart. Alas that this illusion is transient, and that the regrets which follow it are durable! they will end only with my life, since I live for thee alone.

ANECDOTE.

ABOUT the year 1727, when the back settlers of this country were as proverbial for their prejudices as ever the first settlers of Plymouth were, an old woman about 120 miles from Richmond, on James river, was so unfortunate as to have a sow litter a pig with two tails. This circumstance soon overran the settlement. A general alarm was spread; and the parson of the parish was resorted to by the affrighted people to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The sage divine, after duly considering the affair, declared that as all pigs by nature were endowed with but one tail, it was probable that the devil was officious in the generation of this litter, and as he cannot make any thing perfect, these two tails were left as a mark of his imperfection. The parson further observed, that as other neighbours had sows, on whom the evil spirit might have tried his operations, his partiality for this old woman was a proof that she must have a connection with him, and that she could be nothing less than a witch. The poor woman was immediately apprehended, and it was determined to tie her up in a sack and throw her into the river, when if she floated she was a witch, and must be hung; if she sunk, then she was innocent. A vast concourse of people assembled on the banks to see the operation; and while the church wardens were absolutely engaged in drawing the bag over her, a col. Taylor who lately arrived from Ireland, hit on the following stratagem to save her.

“By my soul,” said he to the wardens, “ye are all wrong; you know nothing of witches; now in Ireland, we have found out a much surer way, without half the trouble.” The people were anxious to hear the Irish method: “why (says the colonel) my jewels, we put the woman in one scale and the big church Bible in the other: if the bible outweighs the woman she is a witch, and must be burnt; but if the woman is the heaviest, she is no witch, by my soul.” The colonel’s method was approved of; the trial made, and thus the life of a woman preserved, who, but for col. Taylor’s stratagem, must have fallen a sacrifice to the ignorance and prejudices of an illiterate people.

EXTRACT,

FROM BARLOW'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

ALL men of reflection are agreed, that punishments in modern times have lost all proportion to the crimes to which they are annexed, even on that scale of barbarous justice by which they were introduced. Few, however, have had the wisdom to discover, or the boldness to declare, the true cause of the evil; and while we remain ignorant of the cause, it is no wonder that we fail in finding the remedy. In the glooms of meditation on the miseries of civilized life, I have been almost led to adopt this conclusion, That society itself is the cause of all crimes; and, as such, it has no right to punish them at all. But, without indulging the severity of this unqualified assertion, we may venture to say, that every punishment is a new crime; though it may not in all cases be so great as would follow from omitting to punish.

There is a manifest difference between *punishment* and *correction*; the latter, among rational beings, may always be performed by instruction; or at most by gentle species of restraint. But punishment, on the part of the public, arises from no other source but a jealousy of power. It is a confession of the inability of society, to protect itself against an ignorant or refractory member. When there are factions in a state, contending for the supreme command, the pains inflicted by each party are summary; they often precede the crime; and the factious wreak their vengeance on each other, as a prevention of expected injuries. Something very similar to this is what perpetually takes place in every nation, in what is called a state of tranquility and order. For government has usually been nothing more than a regulated faction. The party which governs, and the party which reluctantly submits to be governed, maintain a continual conflict: and out of that conflict proceed the crimes and the punishments, or, more properly speaking, the punishments and the crimes. When we see the power of the nation seizing an individual, dragging him to a tribunal, pronouncing him worthy of death, and then going through the solemn formalities of execution, it is natural to ask, what is the meaning of all this? It certainly means, that the nation is in a state of civil war; and even in that barbarous stage of war, when it is thought necessary to put all prisoners to death. In deciding the question, whether a particular criminal should be put to death, I never would ask what is the nature of his offence; it has nothing to do with the question: I would simply enquire, what is the condition of the society. If it be in a state of internal peace, I would say it was wicked and absurd to think of inflicting such punishment. To plead that there is a necessity for that desperate remedy, proves a want of energy in the government, or of wisdom in the nation.

When men are in the state of war, with the enemy's bayonets pointed at their breasts, or when they are in the heat of a revolution, encompassed by treason, and tormented by corruption, there is an apology for human slaughter; but

when you have established a wise and manly government, founded on the *moral sense*, and invigorated by the enlightened reason of the people, let it not be sullied by the timid vengeance, which belongs only to tyrants and usurpers. I could wish that your constitution might declare, not merely what it has already declared, that the penal code shall be reformed, but, that within a certain period after the return of peace, *the punishment of death shall be abolished*. It ought likewise to enjoin it on the legislative body to soften the rigour of punishments in general, till they shall amount to little more than a tender paternal correction. Whoever will look into the human heart, and examine the order of nature in society, must be convinced that this is the most likely method of preventing the commission of crimes. But,

In order to be consistent with yourselves in removing those abuses which have laid the foundation of all offences against society, both in crimes and punishments, you ought to pay a farther attention to the necessity of *public instruction*. It is your duty, as a constituent assembly to establish a system of government that shall improve the morals of mankind. In raising a people from slavery to freedom, you have called them to act on a new theatre; and it is a necessary part of your business, to teach them how to perform their parts.

By discovering to a man his rights, you impose upon him a new system of duties. Every Frenchman born to liberty, must now claim, among the first of his rights, the right of being instructed in the manner of preserving them. This the society has no authority to refuse; and to fail of enjoying it on the legislative body, as a part of its constant care, would be to counteract the principles of the revolution, and expose the whole system to be overturned.

From what the constitution has already declared on this head, and from the disposition of the two last assemblies, I have no doubt but considerable attention will be paid to it; but I wish in this place to recommend it to a more particular consideration, as a subject connected with criminal law. It is certain that no obedience can be rationally expected from any man to a law which he does not know. It is not only unjust, but absurd and even impossible, to enforce his obedience. It is therefore but half the business of legislators to make good laws; an indispensable part of their duty is to see that every person in the state shall perfectly understand them. The barbarous maxim of jurisprudence, *That ignorance of the law is no excuse to the offender*, is an insolent apology to tyranny, and ought never to disgrace the policy of a rational government.

I think, therefore, it would do honour to your constitution, and serve as a stimulus to your legislature, and to your magistrates, in the great duty of instruction, to declare, *That knowledge is the foundation of obedience, and that laws shall have no authority but where they are understood*.

OBSERVATION.

NOTHING keeps a man from being rich, like thinking he has enough; nothing from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

MORTIFIED AMBITION.

A MORAL TALE.

(Concluded from page 38.)

THUS, while the credulous Julia was indulging a visionary hope, Aimworth dismissed from his mind the remembrance of this occurrence, and employed his thoughts on matters of more importance. It was his usual custom to walk round his plantations at the close of day; and, in these rambles, he had several times caught an imperfect glance of Almeria Sandford, who always fled at his approach. He mentioned this circumstance to his steward, who readily recognized the person of Almeria in the description his lordship gave of the bashful maid. In these transitory views of the flying nymph he perceived that she was fair, and of an exquisite form. His curiosity was excited; and the venerable Malden, his steward, recited the narrative of Almeria and her family. Aimworth listened with attention to his faithful domestic; and, when the rescue of his father from the furious tempest by the intrepid Sandford, met his ear, the tear of gratitude swam in his eye: and he gently reproached Malden for not reviving in his mind a circumstance, which, though often repeated by his father, had been lost amidst the dazzling scenes that attracted his attention. He recollected to have several times seen Mr. Sandford, but his wife and daughter were unknown to him. His lordship then impatiently enquired for the house which they inhabited, and made himself master of every particular that related to these secluded people. He soon honoured them with a visit; and repeated those acts of kindness and benevolence which they had formerly received from his noble father. He admired the beauty of Almeria; with her understanding he was enchanted. Each succeeding visit became longer than the preceding one; and, when he retired, it was with increasing reluctance. In short, he found that Almeria possessed his heart; and he felt no pleasure equal to that which he experienced in her society. "In the circles of fashion," said he, addressing himself to Almeria, "amidst scenes of gaiety and splendour, I have sought for happiness, but still I chased a phantom. Disgusted with the noise and folly of the town, it has fled from pomp and greatness, and has taken refuge in Almeria's cottage. Would you, dear maid, permit me to share with you the blessings of the tranquil goddess; would you permit me to call you mine; every future moment of my life would be unknown to pain, be free from wretchedness."—Almeria cast her eyes in bashful modesty on the ground. Her mother looked at Aimworth with surprise. He repeated his request, and asked permission to wed Almeria. His manner left no room to suspect his sincerity. Mrs. Sandford referred him to her daughter; Almeria disguised not the feelings of her heart; and his lordship took his leave, in the full confidence of possessing her heart. Immediate preparations were made for the nuptials, which were agreed should take place as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

The beauty of Almeria had not only attracted the notice of Lord Aimworth; a lover of a different complexion had

been fascinated by its power. Mr. Selwyn Stockwell had relinquished the fatigues of business for a short excursion to the seat of his father. In his perambulations he had seen the lovely orphan, and had discovered the place of her habitation. His sister had furnished him with the particulars of her situation; concealing, indeed, a part of the truth, and supplying its deficiency with fictions from her creative fancy. This misrepresentation of his sister had impressed the mind of Selwyn with the idea that a change of situation, even on any terms, would be acceded to by the object of his licentious thoughts. Selwyn, whose sentiments of men and manners were drawn from a view of the unfavourable side of the picture of human nature; and whose chief knowledge was confined to the loss and gain of trade, and business of the counting-house; hesitated not to offer to this child of poverty—for such he was taught to consider Almeria—the accession of wealth, on terms, the grossness of which shocked her soul with horror. Young Stockwell immediately perceived that he had been misinformed; and stammered out, in his retreat, what he wished to be taken for apologies.

"Was it not sufficient for the sister," said the weeping maid, "to treat me with haughtiness and contempt; but the brother must add insult to her demeanour?" In this situation Lord Aimworth found his beloved Almeria. It was in vain that she strove to check her emotions of grief, which increased at his approach; and drew from the astonished lover an eager enquiry into the cause of her tears. Too simple, and too candid, to disguise what she felt, she related to the indignant Aimworth her interview with Mr. Stockwell. Aimworth's spirit fired at the relation; and, turning from Almeria, he was on the point of following the dastard insulter of her honour, when Sir Richard and his daughter passed the door of the cottage, and arrested his steps. They started, and looked surprized, at the sight of his lordship in this humble habitation; and were on the point of addressing him, when an angry glance from Aimworth awed them into silence.

"Your son, Sir," said the enraged lover, "is a villain—a base and paltry villain—who has had the brutality to insult where respect was due. He has offered violence to a defenceless female, who by the laws of nature is entitled to protection.—This lady, Sir," continued he, taking hold of Almeria's hand, "he has shocked with propositions which I blush to think on. Her benevolence forgives the injury; but, henceforth, let him be more cautious; a repetition of the insult may endanger his safety: and, when next he sees, or speaks of Almeria, let him reflect, that she is the person whom I have selected to be the partner of my future life, and in whom a few revolving days will give me a husband's interest." Then, hastening from the astonished knight and his mortified daughter, he retired with Almeria into the cottage.

Thus were the hopes of the divine Julia, in one moment, blasted for ever; and all those dreams of greatness which her vain delusive pride had cherished, vanished from her view, and terminated by disappointment. The licentious

Selwyn, dreading the anger of the indignant Aimworth, made a precipitate retreat from the village; and, in a few days, was followed by the rest of his family, who sickened at the approaching moment that was to raise the humble but deserving Almeria to a rank congenial with her virtues, and to release her from those cruel and unprovoked insults she was wont to experience from the family of the proud and contemptuous Stockwell.

The ambitious Julia and the brutal Selwyn were left to deplore their mutual disappointment; while their conduct gave to the world another proof, that Pride is a weed which thrives best in a barren soil.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

HAD EXPLORUS confined himself to language of an intelligible nature, he might have expected a minute answer to every part of his address. The *defence* of the gentleman in favor of capital punishments (if I may call it by that name) contains a few *hard-founding, far-fetched* words, which might have answered his views, could they have been understood. His *wish* appears to have been good when he commenced his piece; yet I cannot divest myself of the idea, but that he acted contrary to his feelings. Whenever he advanced to the spirit of the question, it acted upon his *nerves* with such vigor, as made him leave it without a single particle of proof whereon he might substantiate his position. He at length, after several attempts, asserts, that when one man deprives another of life, it "demands a similar retortion." This puts me in mind of the woodman who having dropped his axe head into the water, got in a pet and threw the handle after it: here two lives must be destroyed to gratify the passions, and glut the sordid appetites of the relatives of the deceased. For my own part I think the argument ought to be reversed; that by sparing his life he might make reparation to society for the injury it had sustained, by being employed in its service, and thereby be reinstated to that society whose laws he had infringed. It is not unto *man* that vengeance belongeth. Is it lawful for us to do evil that good may come? Woe unto him, says the Prophet, that buildeth his house by unrighteousness; and shall we then be justifiable in building the house of our peace and security in the blood of our fellow men, while other modes of punishment can be adopted? Certainly not.

Again, the gentleman seems to think that "society ought to concur in the extirpation of that life" which has basely infringed its laws. Here I wish to be informed by that gentleman, who gave society this right over our lives? We could not grant that liberty ourselves, for that would be giving them a power which *we ourselves* never possessed: and the same arguments which would prove it to be transferrable to others, would justify suicide. Society, therefore, like an individual in the state of nature, has the right of self-defence

and nothing more. And could it be proved, that the safety of the community depended wholly on the death of criminals, and that it had *no* other means of self-defence, I should readily yield the palm of victory.

ZULINDUS.

August 1.

ANECDOTES.

OF DR. FRANKLIN.

AS Dr. Franklin was going up Ludgate-hill one day, with his spectacles on (as was his usual custom), he turned round to look at one of the print-shops: while in this situation a porter with a load brushed by him, which turned the Doctor quite round, exclaiming at the same time—"d—n your spectacles, Master." Upon which the Doctor, gravely pulling off his hat, replied, "I thank you my good friend; it is not the first time *my spectacles have saved my eyes.*"

OF POPE.

POPE was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a Latin manuscript, in which they found passages that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who hearing their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," says Pope sarcastically, "by all means; pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuscript, and, considering a while, said there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case. "And pray Master," says Pope, with a sneer, "What is a note of interrogation?" replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "it is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

SOME of the casts of the Hindoos, it is well known, never kill any animal themselves, and frequently redeem them from others, in order to give them their lives and liberties. This custom (says the traveller Pietro della Valla) was one day the occasion of an odd mistake in the market at Ormuz. A Christian dressed in the Hindoo habit went up to a fowler, who had got some live birds in a cage, and purchased them, with the intention of making his dinner of them. The seller, taking him for a native, immediately upon receiving the money, set open the cage door, and let the birds fly. The Christian, upon seeing his dinner upon the wing, began to vociferate; and complained, that he was cheated. In short, when the mistake was discovered, the poor fowler was compelled to return the money, and left to catch his birds again, how he could.

LABOUR AND LIBERTY.

OF two brothers, one served the king, and the other toiled hard for his food. The former saying to the latter, "Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "why do not you toil, and get rid of your slavery?"

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS.

"IT is finished!" and man has snatched from Heaven the prerogative of Deity—he has doomed to death a creature like himself.

Man was fashioned by Jehovah after his own likeness, and in the image of God was he created: Into his nostrils did Omnipotence breathe the breath of life.

Having received his being from the Ruler of the skies, he became wholly dependent on him for support and for existence.—His life was sacred—solemnly was it guaranteed by God; and to him alone belonged the right of taking it.

But man, the flimsy gew-gaw of a day, aims at possessing himself of power equal to his maker; and willingly does he aspire at wielding the thunderbolts of Heaven.

How long has the world groaned in slavery! How long has mankind patiently bore the shackles of despotism! And how nobly have they at length burst them assunder!

Yet, to our shame, we are willing slaves to the feeblest tyranny that ever disgraced our globe. O Custom! how do we crowd to thy shrine! Thine altars continually smoke with incense, offered by "the most free and enlightened nation under Heaven!"

L. B.

THE VALUABLE SERMONS.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A FEW months ago, two gentlemen who had been executors to the will of a friend, on examining into the property left by the testator, found they could not discharge the legacies by some hundreds of pounds: astonished at this circumstance, as the deceased had frequently informed them he should have more than sufficient for that purpose, they made the most diligent search among his papers, &c. and found a scrap of paper on which was written, "seven hundred pounds in Till." This they took in the literal sense of it; but as their friend had never been in trade, they imagined it singular he should keep such a sum of money in a till; however they examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain; and after repeated attempts to discover it, gave over the search. They sold his library of books to an eminent bookseller near the Mews, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks before) there was a folio edition of *Tillotson's Sermons*. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word *Till*, on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait on Mr. — who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him;

on his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentlemen immediately purchased them, and on carefully examining the leaves, found bank notes singly dispersed in various places in the volumes, to the amount of seven hundred pounds! But what perhaps is no less remarkable than the preceding, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him, and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done; but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations, had been returned, and had been in the bookseller's shop till the period of this very singular discovery.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. NATHANIEL RAND, to Miss HANNAH VAN NOSTRAND, both of Brooklyn, [L. I.]

On Saturday the 22d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Foster Mr. BENJAMIN ISHERWOOD, to Miss FANNY DECLEW, both of this city.

On Sunday evening se'nt. by the Rev. Dr. Linn. Capt. ANDREW MARSHALK, of the United States Army, to Miss SUSAN M'DONALD of this city.

At Musquito Cove, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Coe, Mr. JOHN CURRY, merchant of Charleston, (S. C.) to Miss CATHARINE GAILER, of this city.

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Ustick, Mr. WILLIAM HANCOCK, printer, to Miss ANN GAVIN.

DIED.

At Philadelphia, after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Smith, relict of the late Thomas Smith, Esq.

In the Poor-house of Fredericks-town, on the 2d, ult. an old mulatto man, aged 180 years. He has been a slave to old colonel Sims's father—was liberated about forty years ago. He was an industrious and faithful servant.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 30th ult. to the 5th inst.

		THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS	
		observed at		winds.		on the WEATHER.	
		6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
		deg. 100. deg. 100.					
July	30	71	80	ca.	sw.	clear.	lt. wd. do. do.
	31	71	77	e.	se.	clear.	lt. wd. cly. do.
August	1	70	77	e.	ne.	cly.	lt. w. rn. do. do.
	2	70	75	e.	ne.	cly.	lt. wd. do. do.
	3	70	73	e.	do.	cly.	h. wd. do. do. rn.
	4	70	71	e.	do.	cly.	h. w. rn. lt. w. rn.
	5	75	82	so.	do.	cly.	lt. wd. clear do.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE ADIEU.

TO A YOUNG LADY; WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
ON LEAVING HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

ONCE have I seen you, many times beheld
In you all that I in your sex admire:
My eyes attracted, and my heart compell'd,
Did burn with Verticordia's sacred fire.

Sweet constitution of my paradise,
How fragrant the impressions of thy feet;
How sweet the echo of that warbling voice,
Tis heaven to dwell where such perfections meet!

For such an heaven, O how my soul would pine,
And languish hopeless on Mnemosynes shore;
And quite forlorn a wearied head recline,
To Morfe's numerous host and be no more,

No more my ears elated with the lay,
No more my heart enraptured with the sound,
No more my eyes in extacy survey
The loveliest nymph with radiant glory crown'd.

In vain would heave my bosom with a sigh,
In vain the throbbings of my breast rebound;
In vain the rolling drops from either eye
Would flow in silent streams upon the ground.

O cruel fortune! that had destin'd me
To such a distance, and a strange unknown:
From such a combine of felicity;
Those streams do center but in you alone.

And must my thirsting soul thus pine oppress,
Nor taste of those delicious streams that glide
Within the channel of that downy breast,
And there alone their stately billows hide?

Alas! too true it is, and still must be,
I must submit to fate's victorious reign,
And bow and groan beneath my destiny,
An alien and a stranger still remain.

An alien into grievous exile cast,
A stranger by report, and to your view;
And by misfortune's sad untimely blast,
Reluctantly constrain'd to bid adieu.

ADMIRITUS.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON INNOCENCE.

HAIL Innocence! celestial maid!

What joys thy blushing charms reveal,
Sweet as the arbor's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.

On thee attend a radiant choir,
Soft smiling peace and downy rest;
With love that prompts the warbling lyre,
And hope that soothes the throbbing breast.

Oh sent from heaven to charm the grove,
Where squint-ey'd envy ne'er can come;
Nor pines the cheek with heedless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

But spotless beauty rob'd in white,
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd,
Serene as heaven's refulgent light,
And pure as Celia's gentle mind.

Grant, heavenly power, thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts controul;
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to sooth my sinking soul.

Let dove-ey'd peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
While night's sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

SIDNEY.

ELIZA.

WHEN Morning shot enlivening gleams
Across the sky in lucid streams;
When Night roll'd slow in mist away,
And Nature's Music hail'd the day;
With bounding heart and cheerful haste
The spangled path I gaily trac'd.
I saw the landscape blooming round;
I heard the animating sound;
The sound was sweet, the landscape fair:—
But, oh! ELIZA was not there.

At noon with pensive step I stray'd
Beneath the aromatic shade,
Where gentle gales with fond delay
Among the twining branches play.
There contemplation rear'd her throne;
The muses call the shade their own.
Bright was the muse's verdant wreath,
And mild was zephyr's balmy breath;
Refreshing was the fragrant air:—
But, oh! ELIZA was not there.

At evening's meditative hour,
Sacred to fancy's magic power,
When the fair wanderer of the night
Pour'd from the heavens her modest light,
I gaz'd upon the lovely scene,
Calm, solitary and serene.
The solitary scene was fair:—
But, oh! ELIZA was not there.

Where'er by contemplation borne,
Whether I meet the ray of morn,
Or catch the fragrant breath of noon,
Or rove beneath th' inspiring moon,
Reflection comes to damp my joy
And hope's enchanting scene destroy,
Forbids, the fleeting bliss to share,
And tells—"ELIZA is not there."

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